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## Pirate Queen



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### Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

Image from <http://www.starwarsmmolevelingguide.com/class-guides/smuggler/>

I swing my pickax into the rock, and the sound joins the similar echoes of a hundred other workers toiling away in the mines. I'm sweaty, dusty, dirty, and tired. Plus, I'm only halfway through the workday.

At least I'm getting some decent muscles out of this.

My name is Elian Crow, and I am a slave.

Each day I toil in the mines of Deva, a small moon rich in minerals that people pay well to get their hands on. Not enough to actually pay workers, but who's bitter?

(Me. I'm bitter.)

I lift my pickax up, ready to swing, when an alarm sounds. This is a rarity- the mine is under attack. Other slaves around me start to panic, overseers crack whips and try to get us under

control.

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I imagine swinging my pickax into one of their skulls.

They are still trying when the guards make a sound, and start shooting the overseers. They don't shoot us. We're slaves. More cargo, more money for them.

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But then I see her.

Rumi. Quinn.

Pirate Queen.

She walks up to a platform near me, blaster in one hand and megaphone in another. "I am Rumi Quinn. I am the Terror of the Stars, Ruler of the Storm Fleet, which holds over fifty ships. I am here to make you an offer."

There is only silence.

"Join. My. Fleet."

She drops the megaphone, and pulls out some sort of remote control. When she hits a button, the chains around my ankles and the shock collar around my neck fall to the ground, useless. I look around- we are all free.

I am free.

And now, I'm free to be as sassy as I want. So I walk up to the platform that holds the most deadly woman in the galaxy and her entourage. With one hand on my hip and my pickax on my shoulder, (while showing off my impressive arm muscles in the process) I say,

"Anyone know where I can get a blaster? If I'm going to be a pirate, I really should be properly equipped."

And just like that, my life is changed forever.

## Chapter 2 by Cassandra Sri



Quinn glances down at me, grins and pulls a small gun from one of her many holsters. Spinning it expertly around her fingers she tosses it to me. I almost don't catch it. I'm so surprised at the

reaction. Still I manage to fumble it into one hand, not attempting to reenact her fabulous gun spinning.

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"Ha! I love a brave soul. To

"C-crow, I'm Elian Crow." Trying hard to keep my voice from stammering. I'm better than this. I was gonna be cool...

"Good name, good pirate name." The pirate drags me onto her podium, holding my pistol hand high in the air like some sort of champion. Hey, this is pretty cool. I smile uncertainly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," She shouts into the megaphone. "Allow me to introduce you to lady Crow, captain of the Muddy Duck, as such I am renaming, that ship!" Flinging a finger out to a dingy little security freighter with only one turret and a shot system warp.

"Now," She turns to me, clapping me on the shoulder. "It's up to you to take that rusty bucket of bolts and turn it into a battle-cruiser, a real sight for the Storm Fleet. Give it a nice paintjob, there you are. I don't care 'ow you get it, whether it be stealing, pirating," Her cybernetic eye glints a bit madly. "Or scavenger work, I want that cruiser. So," Whirling back to the crowd. Pick your crew O'five, we'll kill the rest."

I stand silently staring at her, stunned. There are thousands of people here, who were slaves the same as me. Now I just have to choose five of them and fly away in my new-old ship?

"You're mad." I whisper unconsciously, quite without meaning to.

"Oh yes!" Quinn gives me a wild, feral smile. "Now choose."

I cast a look over the gathered crowd, staring up at me with pale, scared faces. I knew Draco since he was a boy, but he's small and sickly. Probably wouldn't have lasted here much longer. On impulse I shout down to him.

"Draco, get up here!" Eeesh, I wish my voice wouldn't crack. Draco starts, looks around then points disbelieving at himself. I nod and hold out a hand.

"Heh, interest'n choice you've got there." Says the Pirate Queen, looking him over doubtfully. "Next?"

Draco looks up at me and I realize I've been staring. See more of Story Wars

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Tilbee is mad, of course. He does three cartwheels up the line of people, hops up to the podium, shakes Quinn's hand vigorously and grins.

"Happy birthday!" Draco quickly pulls his brother away from the pirate. She brushes her sleeve off, eyeing him warily.

"Aaaaand I'm bored again all of a sudden." Quinn sighs. She points to a group of three burly looking miners. "You, you and you get up here." They stumble up, looking surprised but not unhappy. "As for the rest of youn's," Flipping another blaster into her hand. I rack my brains to find a way to appease this mad dictator.

"Surely you can't kill all them," I say reasonably. She turns to me, looking a bit affronted.

"Oh but I can."

"No- just I mean, it will take sooooo long." I argue, sounding as bored as I can. "Can't we just ship out already?"

"Hmm, hmm yes I can see yer point, luv." She replies, looking contemplative. "That would take rather a long time. Alright, all of youn's get aboard my ship." Looking back to me Quinn smiles her manic smile again. "Now crow meister, I want that cruiser, y'hear?" I nod, swallowing hard. She pats my head. "Rouit, good luck, chum."

And like that she, and the whole crowd of freed slaves are beamed up into the gargantuan dreadnaught, Eye of the Storm, leaving me and my ragtag little misfit gang standing with a rather impossible quest standing in front of us.

"Where do we start?" Draco asks, trying to keep his brother from throwing more cartwheels. I sigh deeply.

"You know, I haven't the slightest."

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